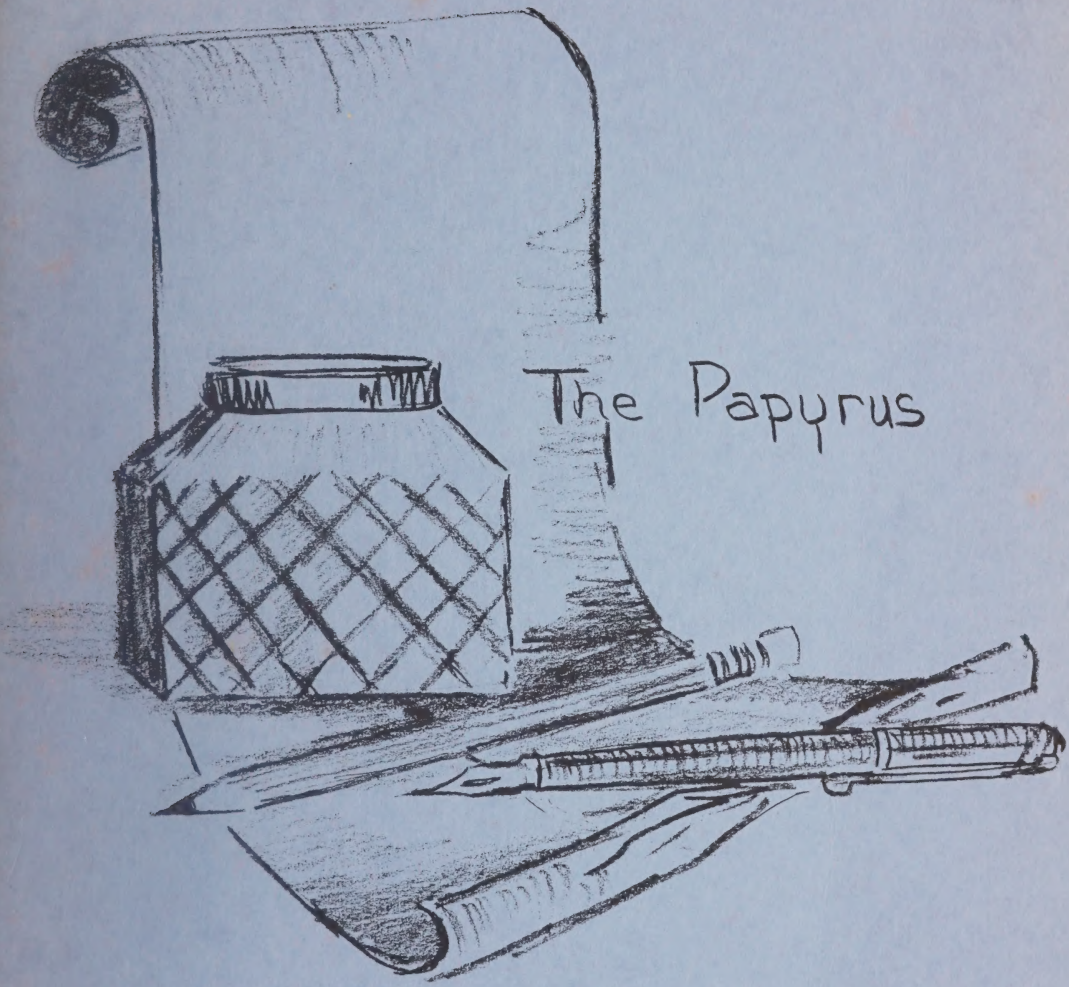
The Papyrus

THE PAPYRUS

Peace College

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P O E M S

RAIN

by

Pat Crites

The gentle rain fell silently
Upon a dying man
Who fought to save a dying dream
Within a wasted land.

It stilled the wind and chilled the air
Yet eased his burning pain
That when at last the fire died
Did end the gentle rain.

I AM

by

Lynn Ford

Individuals are like crumbs of bread,

Broken. . .

Torn. . .

And wasted until stale.

Children are like creatures,

Hungry. . .

Helpless. . .

Insignificant and scorned for what they cannot do.

I am like a fish,

Lost. . .

Yearning. . .

Insecure in a sea of life with nowhere to swim but in currents of questions.

BUTTERFLY

by

Bev Stanard

A silver day of sun and summer
winding like cotton.
An all-alone girl of round-about fair,
Talking to shadows.
A golden butter-flying home
Caught in a net of laughter.
A brush of wings like whispered powder.
Passing through reaching hands.
The kiss of a fairy given to
The faith of a child.

WHY?

by

Henrietta Emerson

Emotion fills me to the brim,
When I sit down and think of Him;
And I wonder how God above
Could have so much love
For a fool such as I--
I question, "Why?"

In her mind ran fancies, images,
Ideals, and pride.
But her breast weighed heavy
With love and reality and weakness.
She was but a child passing
Noisily into womanhood.
She began quietly and so she will pass,
But she will scream and whisper in the meantime.
There is no noise unless there are ears.
There will always be listeners,
Willing or not, pained or unhurt,
And sanity will depend on this.

She could not escape reality
So she stopped running.
But she had to rest before she began
To walk again; and she then tread softly.
She knew everything.
She was but a child
Passing. . .passing by
Another stone
Which may or may not
Be overturned, depending on the size and shape. . .
Passing noisily
Into womanhood.

Anonymous

WITHOUT LOVE

by

Lynn Ford

You wake, but only to a nightmare. . .

You eat, but no taste is present. . .

You wish, but loneliness remains. . .

You pray, but tears fill your words. . .

You walk, but steps have no meaning. . .

You touch, but nothing has a warmth. . .

You cry, but tears do no good. . .

You leave, but no one knows you're gone. . .

All this. . .

A house without love.

WHAT IS IT?

by

Henrietta Emerson

It begins as the merry tinkling of bells in the distance,
And swells as though I am walking slowly towards it.
It begins to beat into my ears,
As it grows louder and louder
And seems to pound faster and faster.
It is so loud and so rapid,
That it sounds as though
It is angrily beating everything that gets in its way.
It pounds and beats for such a long time,
That it seems as though it shall never cease.
Then, suddenly, it stops;
I no longer hear the rain crashing down to earth.

DYING LOVE

by

Lynn Ford

A winter day is like a dying love,

Chilling coldness. . .

Hardened soil. . .

Lifeless branches. . .

Fruitless growth. . .

Bitter whispers of wind. . .

All waiting for the dark hours of night to draw near.

SWEET SPRINGS AGO

by

Susan Via

Sweet springs ago when young was I,
Marveling tender butterflies,
Swinging on swings of vine-peeled trees,
And capturing golden tumbling leaves,

Bright copper dandelions caressed my face;
I was quick to wonder at a spider's rain-cleaned lace.
Languidly I lay in lettuce-crisp grasses
While gazing at skies of bluebell masses.

CHRISTMAS IS. . .

by

Lynn Ford

Snow-covered earth sleeping softly
On clouds of satin,
Nipping waves of winter wind
Biting your nose and mine,
Shadows of twinkling colors
Shining from savory trees inside,
Wondering eyes of fantasy
At wrapping and ribbons and wishes,
Fruit cake and sugar plums
Dancing down your dreams,
Yule logs with firelight dancers
Flowing round the room,
A babe silently swaddled in
Scenes of myrrh and gold,
Poinsettas on an altar
With an angel's adoration above.

LET IT NOT END

by

Henrietta Emerson

Oh, God,
    Would that the night
Would last forever,
    That I might be
Still and silent enough
    To capture and hold
The beauty,
    The thrilling rapture,
The soothing tranquility
    Of Thy presence in me.

NEW FOUND LOVE

by

Pat Crites

As sweetly as on April breeze
Our love does coax and tease
The silent heart to sing
Of yet another spring.

To thaw the frozen streams
That confined our youthful dreams
Of many summers gone
When sorrow sang a silent song.

SEASONS OF LIFE

by

Lynn Ford

The seasons of the year are like the seasons of life--
Spring is the young and careless babe,
With cries of the wind
And free and easy to love.
Summer is the daring teen
With hot, sultry lessons to learn
On beaches of sand and seas of blue, woeful waves of
salty hurt.
Autumn is middle age
With discoloring leaves and withering branches
Slowly preparing for a long, hard struggle.
Winter is the age of death
With cold, bleak snowflakes whitening
The inner soul with age and decay,
All the while growing dimmer and shorter
Into a long night of darkness.

A DAFFODIL

by

Linda Harris

A gilded throat lifted bravely sunward,
Petals outstretched to welcome the light
Vernal stem held straight in the warm breeze,
A golden answer to the bleakness of the earth,
A bright foretelling of rebirth.

I who had looked in despair towards the heavens
Found strength to look at life;
Found a faith to stand firm in the struggle -
An answer to the confusion of the world,
Knowledge of new life.

SEPARATED

by

Pat Crites

The feeling of sadness and longing,
Is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resenbles rain.

It is a feeling that haunts the soul
When passion rules the heart;
A feeling that I sense the most
When we are far apart.

HAIKU OF MY SOUL

by

Lynn Ford

Canyons of my soul
Sometimes in tears freeze over
Like the winter wind.

A whisper soft now
Of springtime breeze flows gently
On a waking bud.

The waves of my soul
Wildly from the summer sea
Leap in the bronze sand.

Prepare now, gay soul,
For the colored fall of leaves,
The sad soul again.

TIME

by

Pat Crites

Years are but days in time;
Golden minutes soon to flee
Beyond the grasp of man,
When death has set them free.

A FLYING, JOYFUL BUTTERFLY

by

Hannah Crews

A flying, joyful butterfly I see it pass as carefree as
the day is long,
Caring and yet not worrying about life's trivial every-
day tasks,
It swoops forth, grasping, grasping and perceiving,
Always understanding life, in which it seeks its
existence.
And each person fails to follow it,
Possessed, consumed by life's trivial everyday tasks,
Till all life's days be vacant, empty, meaningless,
Till their purpose be nothing,
Till there's no reason to all - Why, people, why?

WHAT IS NIGHT?

by

Lynn Ford

Night can be
A stage curtain lowered on Act Three of another day
Or hold the maiden hour that germinates a life.
Night can be
A pillow of slumber for the child's tired eyes
Or an incessant probe for something unfound.
Night can be
A crest of moonbeams cast against a frothy fern
Or a somber breeze across a nodding tree.
Night can be
As cold as the frozen tears of rain
Or as warm as the flushed cheeks of the sunset.
Night can be
A rest for the velvet petals of the sunflower
Or a day of work for creatures of the dark.
All these. . . Night can be
A vast and open crevice of wisdom
Or a simple and spaceless state of mind.

JAPANESE HAIKU

Bright little eyes wide
Seeing soft fluffy snowflakes
On a mitten red.

by Linda Harris

Childhood is--
Running up a hill
Carpeted with new green grass
Seeking pots of gold.

by Linda Harris

FOREVER CAN ONLY BE FOR NOW

Tomorrow?

Tomorrow is another day

Any other way

Another place

Another face

To see.

Not yours.

But I"ll remember.

Anonymous

DAYLIGHT

by

Penny Spence

For daylight dips its glistening wings
To twilight's crimson hue;
And sharp, clear forms begin to fade,
Bring dancing shadows into view.

A thousand roses fill the air
With rare, enchanting odors gay,
And wind begins to steal ashore
To cool sun's last remaining ray.

The sun aglow, afraid to die,
As I return to my retreat,
Gives back to sea her silver sheen
While white sand slips beneath my feet.

EPISODE IN CRIMSON

by

Pat Crites

The eve is of April
The moon drifts high
And the sound of their hoofs
Drifts soft, like a sigh.

T'was the fairest of days
As they rode in that noon;
But each step they took
Whispered death and gloom.

For the light from the sun
Dwindled and died
And the clouds drifted in
Like the incoming tide.

They held death in their hands
Death shone from their eyes
Yet who was to say
From truth or from lies?

The fight, it was brief
And by one, I was told,
That the life they had taken
Lay fallen and cold.

This April eve
When the moon shines bright
The sound of their hoofs
Drifts on in the night.

LOVE

by

Henrietta Emerson

Love
Is a solitude
In which two hearts
Are united.

Love
Is a happiness
Which fills each being
From within.

Love
Is an understanding
Which each shows
In his eyes.

Love
Is a purpose
In which each lives
For the other.

Love
Is a part of life
Which no man can
Live without.

SHORT STORY

ABDUL

by

Charlotte Vann

The flaming sun had turned to its setting orange against the pink clouds and darkening sky. A dog with its filthy fur taut against its bones was trying to scavenge the bazaar's narrow streets. Abdul, too, was searching in vain as he guided his father, Ali, through the bazaar.

Abdul had been leading his father since dawn that morning in hopes of someone's sympathetic rupee. Nothing had come their way but Abdul was used to this. Several days, he thought to himself, would probably go before he would feed his empty stomach. This was not new. It happened often and Abdul was aware of it.

Still searching and seeking, Abdul was about to turn down another one of the bazaar's numerous streets when he saw a young white girl and her mother. Quickly he lead Ali toward them.

"Momma," the little girl started, "what is wrong with that old man?"

"Ignore him, Kristine," the mother demanded. "He's

blind! Can't you see that he is sick? Don't touch him. Run along."

"But Momma, what is all the white stuff on his eyes? Why is he so thin?"

"Didn't you hear me? Walk on and stop staring."

"One rupee, Mansob," he cryed and pleaded, "one rupee."

"Go leave us alone, you dirty creature. I have nothing for you. Go!"

Abdul felt a sharp pain dash through his shrunken stomach. He went back to his diseased father, who was still standing where Abdul had left him.

"Any luck, my son," asked Ali anxiously.

"No, but don't worry, my father. Tomorrow will be better. Someone may spare us a bit of money and many days of food will come of it." How often he had said these words but they gave only hope.

Getting near their one room mud hut with manure cakes drying on the sides, they saw the mother, Ada, anxiously come out through the dark opening which was the only entrance to the empty looking dwelling. Ada's dark, hungry eyes examined Abdul first, for he always

dashed up to her eagerly if they had rummaged anything during their day long begging. His hands were empty. he had nothing. Ada's eyes sadly turned to Ali. How slowly he walked. How tired and weary he seemed. She slowly walked toward him along the barren path that led to the hut.

Her ragged dress pressed against her gaunt figure as the evening wind whispered a hollow sound. A briar was blown in one of the rips of her dress and scratched her. Ada walked on, not noticing the pain it brought. She was concerned with the thoughts that constantly occupied her mind, wondering if their bleak existence would end tomorrow and wondering when their next meal would be.

"Come, my husband." she said as she grasped his frail hand. "It was a bad day for you. You are tired and worn. Let us go into the hut and sit down."

"Ada the time is coming..." Ali began.

"Abdul," Ada summoned. "Bring in some of the cow patties for fuel."

"Ada," Ali began again as she led him into the malodorus hut. The hut was small with only a piece of pasteboard on the earthen floor to sit on. In the corner

there was a small camp stove and their only pan upon it, waiting to be filled with scraps. "Ada, it has come to the time when I must realize I am becoming weak and I won't live much longer."

"Ali, my husband, don't talk that way."

"No, my wife. It is true. We must face it. I have not been able to see for many years. I am sick and will not live much longer. We must have our son, Abdul, beg for us now. He is a strong boy and I can no longer go out all day under the sun's glaring rays."

Ada knew it was so. Her husband was not well at all, and with each passing day he grew weaker. He walked slower, and at night he had trouble trying to sleep.

Abdul, she thought, was a good son. He did what he was told to do and he never complained. How lucky they were. And Abdul was a healthy boy, even though he was a beggar's son. Not many were. Yes, Abdul would understand. He could face it. He would be brave. After all, every beggar's child was deformed after he was around six years old. That was the only way to survive. And his deformity, she and Ali had decided, could be worse. That was just the way life was. Abdul would understand.

Ali, sitting on the pasteboard mat, took out his razor sharp knife. He felt around the handle nervously. He held it in his shriveled hand a few minutes. "Take it and do what must be done."

Ada took it. "Abdul," she called sternly.

Abdul had just about finished gathering the patties. He stopped, however, as he sensed what was about to happen through his mother's call. His tongue began to swell. He knew what was about to happen. It was the time. It won't hurt, he thought, trying to comfort himself. His heart pounded as he never knew it could. His little dirty hands began to feel clammy. His tongue felt dry. Oh, how dry! It almost scratched his mouth, it was so dry. It was so big. He couldn't swallow. His throat was tight. He looked up and saw Ada with her commanding face and the knife. How sharp it looked. He began to feel hot. He walked toward her putting one foot slowly before the other. This was the way life was, he thought. He had courage. He was brave. He forced himself onward. His tongue. How it hurt. It was so swollen. Oh, how dry it was. His tongue!